

Our Thanksgiving Edition

Will be a thing of beauty and will be loaded down with the most toothsome dainties of Thanksgiving Literature.

There will be an original Thanksgiving story by Olive Harper, together with much other appropriate matter and artistic pictures that will

Make Your Mouth Water!

MATINEES AND TEA JACKETS.

New and Dainty Styles in Cambric, Lace, China Crapes, Etc., Described.

Delightfully fresh are the matinees in white muslin and cambric and trimmed with lace or embroidery. One seen was made with the new long jacket fronts. The embroidery and edged with lace. The whole of the front was composed of Valenciennes insertion, put in diagonally, and the sleeves were also made of lace. Another very stylish one was made of French muslin, partly plain and partly embroidered. A full of Valenciennes lace was around the bottom of the skirt, the jacket having long coat tails. This make had a small yoke made with narrow tucks, the yoke and the jacket were outlined with pale blue ribbon covered with muslin, which had a very good effect.



A NEW TEA JACKET.

Black tea jackets are being worn a good deal; one in black satin with long loose front, a jabot of pale mauve soft silk and lace and sleeves was decidedly effective. Very new looking, too, was another in black satin, which had a white crepe de Chine front and deep full collar.

In the accompanying cut is illustrated a charming tea jacket in yellow crepe, studded with iridescent beads. The full sleeves are in China crapes. Figured lace trimming forms the bodice and stylish epaulettes. A silken girdle encircles the waist.



True Literary Exclusiveness.

"Don't you admire Robert Browning as a poet, Mr. Fitznack?"

"Used to once; but everybody admires him now, don't they? as I've had to give him up!"—London Punch.

On Bringing Up Babies.

The old proverb with reference to cooking a hare applies equally well to babies. It is wise to catch your baby before you bring it up.

Next to this the most important step is the proper clothing of the infant. If it be a girl baby the first gown should be made on train, but not too decollete.

Soft food is recommended for the first few months of the baby's existence, but in most cases of children under two months old Welsh rarebit and soft shell crabs should be avoided.

Exercise with heavy dumbbells should not be permitted until the child is at least six weeks old.

If the baby develops a tendency toward staying out late at night its latchkey should be taken away, as the night air is injurious to babies who have not finished teething.

The baby should not be permitted to engage in political discussion until it has learned to talk.

A silver dollar should not be used to facilitate the cutting of the baby's teeth. It might give the offspring wrong ideas of the silver question.

If the baby in question should happen to be a mere ordinary baby—which is not likely, of course—it is not apt to be half so interesting to your friends and acquaintances as you might fancy. It should therefore be kept in the nursery until it is eighteen years old.

If the baby cries at night it is a sign that it is awake. In such cases do not use a club. The soothing syrups sold by the druggists are equally fatal and less violent in their action.

If this little creature has failed in any particular to instruct parents in the rearing of their offspring, we are quite willing to answer questions on the subject by mail, provided a five dollar consulting fee and postage are inclosed with the inquiry.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

WASHINGTON GOSSIP.

MR. WANAMAKER AND THE INSPECTION OF POSTOFFICES.

Secretary Rusk and His Work—A Talk with Roger Q. Mills—First Night at the Capital Theater—The Government of the City of Washington.

(Special Correspondence.)

WASHINGTON, Oct. 28.—Postmaster General Wanamaker is a queer man. He is insistent and persistent. If he cannot accomplish a thing in one way he gets at it in another. An instance of this is found in the manner in which he finally secured a special inspection of a majority of the postoffices in the country. His first idea was to divide the country into inspection districts, about thirty in number, and provide for the appointment of an inspector of postoffices in each district. Congress would not consent. Then he asked for an increase of the force of inspectors, so that a part of the men might be detailed to this work of inspection. At the present time the inspectors are fully employed looking up depredations on the mails, cases of robbery and fraud, and have no opportunity to inquire into the workings and needs of the many thousands of small postoffices throughout the country. But congress was just at that moment in an economical mood, and the increase asked for was not authorized by law. Still Mr. Wanamaker did not give up.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," he said to his lieutenants, "we'll ask the postmasters at the country seats to volunteer as inspectors of the postoffices in their counties. Of course we can't pay them anything for this service, but I believe a large number of postmasters will take sufficient interest in the postal system to give their time and labor to this cause without compensation. Then the postmaster general, who was not to be balked in his plans because congress proved contrary, prepared 2,000 letters to postmasters asking them to travel about their counties and see what they could see and hear, and with his own hand signed each of these letters during his vacation.

The result of this plan is a vindication of Mr. Wanamaker's estimate of the patriotism and public spirit of the postmasters of the country. In all parts of the United States the county seat postmasters are traveling about with horse and wagon and others by rail, looking into the workings of the postoffices in their counties. The reports are beginning to come in, and right interesting some of them are too. I wish I had space to give a lot of extracts from the reports. Here are a few:

The postmaster at — is a good fellow, but he is deaf and almost blind, and he mixes the mail up frightfully.

This postmaster does not give any of his time to the office. His twelve-year-old daughter runs the office, and it is a model.

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Another report from the same region:

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But there are some of the unfavorable and comical reports. As a rule, the inspectors find the offices in good condition, and well managed. Some of the reports are models of comprehensiveness and accuracy. For instance, John L. DeMotte, postmaster at Valparaiso, Ind., makes up a book, with a map of Porter county, and embellishes his report concerning each of the postoffices therein with a photograph of the building in which the postoffice is housed. The postmaster at Freeport, Ill., pursues the same method, as does Henry Robinson, the postmaster at Concord, N. H. Albert J. Frick, postmaster at Danville, Pa., draws maps of all the townships adjacent to postoffices, and besides gives photographs of offices. A. A. Thompson, postmaster at Carlisle, Pa., makes up a pretty book, with a printed cover, containing his reports and a large map of the county, with the distances between postoffices marked in red ink, showing the roads and the number of families served from each office.

When all the reports shall have come in, the postmaster general will be in possession of more information concerning the postoffices of the country than any postmaster general ever before. From the recommendations which he will be able to correct many evils and effect improvements in a thousand directions. Postoffices will be discontinued where no necessity for them exists, and others will be established. New mail routes will be established and new service provided in thousands of places.

Mr. Wanamaker is studying night and day how he can improve the postal service. Republicans and Democrats alike, whatever else they may say about him, cheerfully commend his zeal and spirit. He invites suggestions from every one who thinks he knows where or how improvements may be made. Only a few days ago Mr. Wanamaker heard that a clerk in the money order office had some ideas concerning the method of transacting the business of that important branch of the service, and the postmaster general promptly sent for him and asked him what he had to offer. For more than an hour the millionaire and cabinet minister was in conference with a clerk. The postmaster general's principle is that ideas rule the world, and good ideas are too rare to be thrown away, no matter where they come. If Mr. Wanamaker's hostler were to offer him advice about the postal service I am sure the postmaster general would listen to him, not only with patience but with interest. Mr. Wanamaker believes the postoffice must keep up with the times; that it must progress as the wants of the people change and increase. He is willing to make experiments, and by trial to winnow the wheat from the chaff.

Secretary Rusk is another pushing, practical, zealous cabinet officer. He does not sit up nights planning new schemes for the improvement of agriculture, because "Uncle Jerry" does not believe in sitting up at night even in a good cause, but he does get up early in the morning, which is quite as much to the purpose. Of late the secretary has been in a fever of excitement over the efforts of this government to remove the restrictions placed upon the importation of American pork into European countries. The success with which he is meeting has not turned his head, but he has filled him with such a complete sense of satisfaction that he has with difficulty restrained his impulse to celebrate with a display of verbal fireworks. Over at the state department, where all is mystery, solemn and profound, after the traditions of diplomacy, they say the secretary of agriculture talks too much. But "Uncle Jerry" has small patience with the mystery and mystification business, and bluntly says so. "This is not my business," he is wont to say, "but the people's. If it were mine I would keep still about it, or tell it, just as I had a mind. But it is the public's affair, and why shouldn't the public know it? I guess I'd make a poor diplomat, but I'd make the secretary stopped, so I shall have to finish the same."

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Why He Could Not.

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"Lancaster," he said one morning, addressing a very capable utility man, "you will have to enact three parts in 'The Silent Foe' tonight—Henderson, Uncle Bill and the Crusader."

"Can't do it," replied Lancaster, "impossible—can't be done."

"You can't do it? You won't do it? Why?"

"Because it is impossible," returned the indignant actor. "No human being can play those three parts at the same time. In the first scene of the third act two of them have a fight, and the third follows in and separates them."—Detroit Free Press.

A Thick Headed Valet.

"You got no game, then?"

"Not a feather."

"What was the reason?"

"I hadn't my shooting coat on, don't know. That beastly valet of mine dressed me in my fishing jacket."—New York

tence for him—"But I get there just the same."

Congressman Roger Q. Mills, of Texas, was in town a few days ago, resting from his labors in the Ohio campaign preparatory to taking part in the campaign in Massachusetts. He talked very interestingly with me about the hardships of a campaigner's life. "I was three years in the war," he said, "and I campaigned against that brilliant soldier, Tecumseh Sherman, but the hardest campaigning I have ever experienced is that on the stump in a northern state. I do not mean to say that the people are unkind to me or discourteous, for they are universally respectful and pleasant. A man from the south is as well treated on the stump in the north as any northern man could be. What I complain of is the apparent assumption on the part of the campaign committee that a public speaker is a sort of animal who can stand anything. We arrive in a town, after speaking two hours the night before a hundred miles or more away, tired and hoarse and very sleepy. We want nothing so much in the world as a chance to lie down and rest and be alone. But the campaign committee orders it otherwise. They appear to think we are in need of amusement, and if they don't entertain us we will go away feeling neglected and lonely. So they bring us a prominent man of the place to be introduced, they take us carriage riding, they pilot us through their factories and their public buildings, they show us their scenery, they get up dinners for us and finally ask us to stand on a platform and give a long parade. All this is well meant and all interesting enough to a man who is in condition to enjoy it. But the weary campaigner, who has had two or three weeks of it, wants to go away to some place where there are no bands, no torchlights, no dinners, no prominent citizens anxious to shake hands, no scenery, no anything of that sort and lie down and die in peace."

"Then there is the outdoor meeting," continued Mr. Mills. "You see how hoarse I am. I can hardly speak above a whisper. I don't believe you would be able to whisper if you had been making speeches in the open air every night for two or three weeks as I have—out where the cold fall wind blows down your throat and puts hush on your organs of speech. Another dreadful thing about this political campaigning is the way in which the local committee put a fellow upon a platform and about ten feet high. Every man who has had experience at public speaking knows that a good, a spirited, a kindling speech is impossible from such an elevated position. The ideal platform is about eighteen inches or two feet above the level of the ground or auditorium. The speaker needs to be as nearly on a level with his hearers as possible. One can't throw his voice down at people as he would fling stones at them from an eminence. He must be where eye looks into eye, and man stands face to face with man in a normal, natural position. Eye looks into eye, and voice speaks to voice, and the public orator who wants to magnetize his audience, and be magnetized by it in turn, will not suffer himself to be perched upon a scaffolding."

A queer feature of official life at Washington is the first night at the theater. A company comes along with horse and wagon and others by rail, looking into the workings of the postoffices in their counties. The reports are beginning to come in, and right interesting some of them are too. I wish I had space to give a lot of extracts from the reports. Here are a few:

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THE BROKEN BLADE.

CHAPTER I.

THE MAN IN THE CASE.

Outside the twilight deepens, darker, darker, dark, and at last the dismal, gloomy day is dead and the dismal, gloomier night reigns in its stead.

Montford Maize is hushed like a house of death, and the night wraps it like a shroud. The wind that moans mournfully through the grim and naked boughs of the bare and leafless elms seems fit accompaniment to the gloominess of the scene, and mourns mid the eaves with a wail like the plaint of the banshee, the cryer of death ordained.

A student lamp in the one room lighted up casts a weird circle of light through its muffled shade. Lighted by its ray a man, young in years, but prematurely gray, his forehead seared with those lines that trace the finger touch of care, sits deep immersed in his papers.

At last John Montford rouses from his work. "Ugh! What a night it is. It seems as if all the cares and dark deeds of the past had risen from their graves and were all abroad tonight. I feel a premonition, a dread of something, I know not what. But hush! Away with such thoughts—Madeline! Madeline!"

But the echoes of his own voice returned to him along the dark and vaulted passageway. The scamping feet of a startled rat pattered across behind the wainscot and the house is silent once again, and John Montford turned once more wearily to his task.

And the world called him happy. A lawyer of repute. The owner of broad lands, the husband of a beautiful woman. The world had called him happy. The world that knows so much.

CHAPTER II.

THE MENESIS OF THE NIGHT.

A woman, pale and pouting, nerved to a desperate deed, comes stealthily through the darkened hall. She shivers as she hears the wind go by the house, riding the storm with loud discordant cries, and then she pauses, parting the portieres and stands with gleaming eyes against the purple pall of the velvet hanging. Her face is white, her nervous tremors hang unconfined. She clutches the curtain and glances fixedly at the unconscious man busy at his task. The portieres quiver with the nervous tension of the slim, white hand. She stands a goddess of wrath upon, a menesis of the night.

"It must, it shall be done!" she mutters; "there is no other way; and, fearful, she watches the man in the circle of the light, trembling lest he turn and see her. Then she again recovers her courage. "What would you think, John Montford, did you know that I stood behind you and with this in my hand?" she smiles as she holds up a curious, by shaped knife, sharp and keen, with a fantastic handle of ebony. The man turns uneasily, as if he feels what is to happen. His wife glides past him unperceived to the kitchen to open the sardines with his pet razor!—New York Evening Sun.

Breaking a Rule.



"Now stop teasing me. Don't you know that the placard says, 'Do not annoy the animals?'—Harper's Young People.

De Rigueur.

Chollie—Er—aw—Miss Figg, may I dare to offer my heart and hand to the fairest of her sex, the woe without a thorn?

Miss Laura—Mr. Sophleish, you are the fourth to propose to me in those very same words.

Chollie—Ya-as. All of our fellows use that fawn of proposal, don't they?—Indianapolis Journal.

Feeling His Way.

To the average beholder he would readily have been taken for a man of all work, doing odd jobs from door to door, thrifty and respectable, and that was what a Hastings street woman thought he was as he peeped in at the back gate and approached her with confidence.

"Good morning, ma'am," he said quietly. "Have you any word to say today?"

"No," she replied not unkindly, "it was all said yesterday and put away."

"Any coal you want taken in the cellar?"

"No, but we may have some tomorrow."

"You have no grass to cut, I suppose?" he ventured.

"Oh, no," she said; "it's too late for that now."

"Are there any ashes or garbage you want carried out?"

"No, we have that done by contract."

"And there's nothing at all about the place you want done?"

"Nothing today," she said sympathetically.

"No work of any kind?"

"Not a lick."

"Thank heaven for that ma'am," he ejaculated fervently, "give me some cold meat and bread and a piece of pie. I'm nearly hungry enough to have worked for it."

The Tramp's Diplomacy and tact won the battle and he got the grub.—Detroit Free Press.

Just the Same.

There was a boy about ten years of age watching a letter box on South Fifth avenue, and he saw a man in a suit and hat, who he thought was a postman, and he saw him put a letter in the box. Just then a carrier came along and emptied the box and passed on, and the boy heaved a sigh of relief and said: "He took it just the same."

"What?"

"I dropped a letter in without any stamp on it, and it went just the same, and I'm two cents ahead."—New York Evening World.

No Case.

"Prisoner," said Judge Cowing, "you are charged with gambling."

"Gambling? What is gambling?"

"Playing cards for money."

"But I did not play cards for money; I played cards for chips."

"Well, you got money for your chips at the end of the game, didn't you?"

"No, I didn't have any chips at the end of the game."

"You are discharged."—Texas Siftings.

THE SMALLEST PILL IN THE WORLD!

TUTT'S TINY LIVER PILLS.

Have all the virtues of the larger ones; equally effective; purely vegetable. Exact size shown in this bottle.

A Thrilling Novel in Three Gasp.

Night in Chicago!

The darkness was simply intense as George O'Gaff arrived at the hall door of the McShannagnessys.

George was madly in love with the only daughter of the house (and lot) of McShannagnessy. Gladys was her name.

To resume the thread of our story, George pulled the bell. The door was opened with a sudden swiftness which is only possible to a girl on the shady side of twenty-eight, as Gladys was.

She stepped out on the stoop.

There was no one there!

But Gladys thought she heard a faint moan; a horrible suspicion crossed her mind; raising her right foot carefully from the door mat she saw something move, she stooped down, picked it up, brought it into the hallway, looked at it carefully, screamed and swooned away.

"It's George!—Brooklyn Eagle.

EWART DETACHABLE LINK BELTING.

The Best. Now the Cheapest.

REDUCED PRICE LIST

of drive belts and other specialties for Elevators, Conveyors and Machinery for sale or lease in bulk or single pieces. LEE BELT MANUFACTURING CO., 2011 State St., Chicago.

Ask my agents for W. L. Douglas Shoes.

If not for sale in your place ask your dealer to send for our latest catalogue, secure the agency, and get them for you.

IF TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE.

FOR GENTLEMEN

WHY IS THE

W. L. DOUGLAS

\$3 SHOE

THE BEST SHOE IN THE WORLD FOR THE MONEY?

It is a seamless shoe, with no tacks or wax thread to hurt the foot; made of the best fine calf, stylish and easy, and because we make more shoes of this kind than any other maker, it equals last made shoes costing from \$10 to \$15.

\$5.00 Genuine Hand-sewed, the finest calf shoes ever offered at this price; same grade as custom-made shoes costing from \$10 to \$15.

\$4.00 Hand-sewed Welt shoes, fine calf, stylish, comfortable and durable. The best shoe ever offered at this price; same grade as custom-made shoes costing from \$10 to \$15.

\$3.50 Police shoes, Patent, Railroad Men's, and Letter Carriers all wear them; ankle cut, cushion, smooth lining, extra wide sole, extra wide edge. One pair will wear a year.

\$2.00 This price, one trial will convince those who want a shoe for comfort and service.

\$2.00 and \$2.50 Warranted men's shoes are very strong and durable. Those who give them a trial will wear no other make.

Boys' \$2.00 and \$1.75 school shoes are strong and durable, and they will wear on their feet as the increasing sales show.

Ladies' \$3.00 Hand-sewed, the best imported shoes costing from \$10 to \$15.

Leather, 3.50, \$2.50, and \$1.75 shoe for Misses are the best fine Dungska, stylish and durable. Customers in this line are asked to note the price and are stamped on the bottom of each shoe.

W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

Neff's Shoe Store

526 E Douglas Avenue.

Kenyon Military Academy.

This old and remarkably successful school provides thorough preparation for college and army and naval service. It is located in the heart of the city and is under the supervision of a military expert. For circulars and particulars, apply to the principal, MISS ADA L. AYER, B. A., Gambier, O.

Harcourt Place Seminary.

A school of the highest grade for young ladies and girls. Established upon original lines, its success has been remarkable. For circulars and particulars, apply to the principal, MISS ADA L. AYER, B. A., Gambier, O.

WEAK MEN.

Forty-five highest awards have been received by Dr. T. Felix Gouraud's Oriental Cream, or MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER.

It is a perfect skin medicine, and it is so simple and so easy to use that it is a perfect skin medicine. It is a perfect skin medicine, and it is so simple and so easy to use that it is a perfect skin medicine.

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